The Frantick LOVER:

Or, *The Wandring Young-Man.*

With Grief and Care he is oppress, no Comfort can he find;
In Nights he is disturb'd of Rest, Caus'd by his Love unkind.

To an Excellent New Play-House Tune. This may be Printed, R. P.

YOu are so fair and cruel too,
I am amaz'd what I shall do
to purchase my desire;
Sometimes your eyes both me invite,
But when I enter you kill me quite,
and the more encrease my fire.

Long I have lov'd, and am abus'd,
And when I offer, I am refus'd,
can any suffer more?

Be coy, be cruel, do your worst
Though for your sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Was you as kind as sweet and fair,
No creature could with thee compare,
to love I am inclin'd;
But yet I understand and see,
That your resolv'd to torture me,
O are you not unkind?

The Frantick LOVER:

Or, *The Wandring Young-Man.*

With Grief and Care he is oppress, no Comfort can he find;
In Nights he is disturb'd of Rest, Caus'd by his Love unkind.

To an Excellent New Play-House Tune. This may be Printed, R. P.

YOu are so fair and cruel too,
I am amaz'd what I shall do
to purchase my desire;
Sometimes your eyes both me invite,
But when I enter you kill me quite,
and the more encrease my fire.

Long I have lov'd, and am abus'd,
And when I offer, I am refus'd,
can any suffer more?

Be coy, be cruel, do your worst
Though for your sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Was you as kind as sweet and fair,
No creature could with thee compare,
to love I am inclin'd;
But yet I understand and see,
That your resolv'd to torture me,
O are you not unkind?

Can you forget the hour you woo'd,
When on my forehead your lips
I first pressed with joy,
Yet now your faith and fashion's gone,
Your passion and most protestations,
and mouth nay like believe.

Sometimes in earnest I do behold
Some truths like tears proceed of gold,
likewise your beauty bright;
But when I waken from my rest,
And find that I am disguised,
it makes my ruine quite.

When first I did thy beauty see,
O then thou didst appear to be
an Angel in my eye:
Like lambs together we did play,
But now thine heart is taken away
tell me the reason why?

Was I not only just and true,
Pray let me here be try'd by you,
then what may be the fault?
That you unworthily forsake
Your love, and like a tyrant break
the bonds of Cupids laws.

What grief of heart do I endure?
'Tis true alone can kill or cure,
send me one gentle smile;
Or else I through the world will range,
For why my Love can never change,
O do not me revile.

For sure I am, my Love is true,
Where ere I range I'll honour you,
in humbling forth thy praise;
If I may not enjoy the Bliss,
Bellow on me a parting kiss,
I'll wander out my days.

His ANSWER.

AM I so false and cruel too,
As I have reported been by you?
'tis fault, pray don't revile:
In one you seem to flatter me.
Then charge me with much cruelty,
where is your love the while.

You tell me that you loves long,
And through me have received wrong
pray is this false or true?
When did the cause of my disdain,
Give occasion to complain?
I will be judg'd by you.

When you to me your vile make suit,
If then I help you in dispute,
was this disdaining?
I must confess it mouth be hyde,
If young men could but safe abide,
mating from mouth slights be.

'Tis not the mode for maids to woo,
Yet when we find upon just and true,
then then we affirm yields:
This is no more then modesty,
But for that maids have more of me,
shall never win the field.

But if thy Heart so loyal be,
As not to fancy none but me,
in all the world beside;
Then I will willingly complie,
In loyal Love to live and dye
whatever may betide.

I'le make it all my study still,
To be obedient to thy will,
true kindness to relieve;
Here in my arms I'll thee infold,
And prize thee more then all the Gold,
on the rich Indian Shore.

The mean you make thy heart will make,
Then shalt not wander from thy Love,
whom you so much adore:
And therefore now no more repine,
Take Hand and Heart, I will be thine,
what canst thou say to more?

FINIS.

Printed for F. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street, without Newgate.